

Good Morning

607

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Cherry Tree Greetings for P.O. Victor Blade

CALLING at 5 Cherry Lane, Pitt Street, Norwich, we drew blank because your wife and son, Parry, P.O. Victor Blade, had gone to spend the day with sister-in-law Rose Blade at 93 Cadge Road. That is where we found them, and young Parry happily splashing in his bath.

What a fine little chap for 18 months, laughing all the time. To him the camera was a new toy, and his one idea was to get out of the bath to see how it worked.

Irene, your wife, and Rose look the picture of health, and so does Parry. Perhaps the photograph will give you some idea. Irene sends her love and asks us to remind you about the stockings, and be sure to bring them yourself.

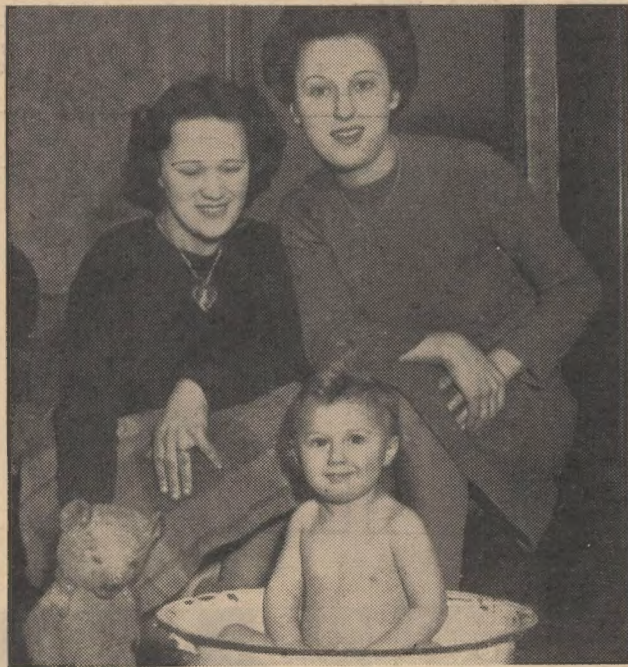
Sister-in-law Rose had a great cheering-up on Christmas Day; she had a letter from her husband—your brother Fred, of course—to say he was well.

That was the first she had heard from him since the Japs took him prisoner. They also heard from brother Danny—p.o.w. in Germany.

The Cherry Tree customers ask after you; there's a warm corner waiting when you walk in. We asked young Parry for a message to his daddy; his reply was just three words—"Cup of tea." Not much of a message, but it was what he wanted for himself. At his tender age the Cherry Tree means nothing to him.

When we asked if you were a gardener, Rose burst into screams of laughter; she said you would faint if you saw a spade—that is, if the local was handy.

Your wife thought it a good joke too; so, with the two grown-ups laughing uproariously, young Parry joined in with much splashing of bath water!



Home Town News

THE recent death of the son and heir of Lord Davies of Llandinam, one of Wales' greatest benefactors, has recalled a remarkable coincidence during the Battle of Normandy.

When he was taken prisoner he found that his German captor was his old tutor. The two agreed that a toss of a coin should decide which of them should lead the other into captivity.

Lord Davies won, and came back with his prisoner to our lines. Soon afterwards he was killed.

SPORT BITS.

TOMMY FARR has been telling pals in South Wales about the small purses he took before battling his way up the championship ladder.

He says that before he took part in the British heavy-

weight title fight he took part in 13 contests, and he did not average £60 a fight.

But after that, he says, he got in the big money. He doesn't say how much, but he is reputed to have returned as one of the richest British boxers in recent history.

Ronnie and Willie James, the noted Welsh boxers, brought off a fine double at Newport.

Willie, taking part in the second contest in the last four years, won a great points victory after going the full distance of eight rounds, while Ronnie, the British light-weight "champ," also went the whole hog against Dick Shields, of Liverpool.

In an eliminator bout for the Welsh bantam-weight championship, limited to ten rounds, Ivor Gravell, of Nantyglow, beat George Thomas, of Merthyr, on points.

ILFRACOMBE



"WHERE shall I go for my holiday?" is a question I am often asked, and I invariably suggest one place—Ilfracombe.

Even if it were only for the view from the train as it pulls into Ilfracombe station, the town would hold a very high place in my affections.

As you round the last bend of the long line from London and alight at Ilfracombe station, you find yourself looking down on the town itself, spreading out until it reaches the Bristol Channel, while away across the strip of water you can see the southern coastline of Wales.

As a holiday resort for the person who likes his enjoyment ready-made, the town has nothing to offer.

For the person who likes to ramble, for the person who likes to explore the rugged countryside, Ilfracombe has everything to offer.

There are people who tell me they prefer the Cornish countryside to any part of Devon, but it surely must be the hard-hearted person who fails to fall for the charm of Ilfracombe.

Wandering through the town, down past the Capstone, you come to the tiny harbour under the shelter of Lantern Hill, where ships are left high and dry most of the day.

No accounting for taste, and some people actually say they prefer Cornwall to any part of Devon, says Staff-reporter DEREK HEBENTON, but he must surely be a hard-hearted person who doesn't succumb to the charm of Ilfracombe, to-day's Home Town.

To see good-sized ships resting on the sandy bottom of the harbour with the sea many yards from their sterns is an unusual sight, but this is not the only unconventional thing you will see in the town.

I don't know whether anyone can tell me of any other crescent-shaped piers in this part of the country, but I don't know of any apart from this structure at the mouth of Ilfracombe harbour.

It is certainly unusual for a pier to protrude seawards and then suddenly double back to reach the harbour again a few yards from its starting point.

On past the harbour, sheltered by the towering heights of Hillsborough is my favourite bathing-place in North Devon, Rapparee Cove.

The cove is no place for the invalid, for not only does the prospective bather have a stiff climb in front of him before

he can get to the sheltered bay, but once there he must be prepared to swim to get out again.

When the tide is out, Rapparee is a delightful spot for swimmers, although bathing on such a rocky coastline is always dangerous.

But it is to the non-swimmers sitting on the beach that the greatest danger occurs.

I don't know of any beach where the tide comes in with such rapidity, and the unwary may well find that the steps which take him out of Rapparee have been completely cut off by the incoming tide. For him there is nothing to do but wait for the waters to recede or else get his feet wet. Don't say I didn't warn you!

On the other side of the town the Torrs Walks is the best known of the beauty spots, but the climb up those winding paths is certainly not for the weak-hearted. I don't confess to being any weaker of heart than the next man, but I certainly shouldn't like to do that

climb if the paths were at all slippery.

I can assure you the Bristol Channel doesn't look so good from 500 feet up with nothing but the atmosphere separating you from it.

To any stout-hearted submariner, the climb should be a joy, and he would certainly be well rewarded, for the path takes you to the tiny village of Lee Bay, a village so small that you are likely to overlook it if you are not keeping your eyes open.

The famous Capstone, once floodlit by night, is now, of course, in darkness, but by day the hill is as fine a pleasure ground as ever.

At the base of the slope stands the pavilion, which is now the main centre of the town's entertainment. Here is the home of one of Ilfracombe's favourite institutions, Aubrey Rev and his band.

Both the Scala and the tiny New Cinema provide enjoyment for lovers of that type of entertainment, while I don't know of any place that has more amusement arcades to the square mile than Ilfracombe. Believe me, I know; I've spent a few weeks' pay in them myself.

For an outing to the other side of Hillsborough, either over or round it, I should always choose a trip to Hele Bay, a fine bathing beach and a delightful spot, where the sun shines most of the day round, uninterrupted by the rocky surroundings.

Another unique spot in the district is the Tunnels Bathing Beach, a beach which can only be reached through a tunnel hewn in the rock.

The beach is thus completely cut off from the town, and gives an impression of being miles away from anywhere.

For the winter visitor, Ilfracombe caters extensively. In one of the warmest winter climates in the country, it is possible to enjoy the pleasure parks at Biddlescombe, at the base of Hillsborough, and on the front itself most of the year round. As far as Biddlescombe is concerned, I shall always be a devotee of that park, with its tiny stream and miniature waterfalls running through the centre, and its tennis and miniature golf courses set against the picturesque background.

Yes, Ilfracombe certainly lives up to all the praise I could give it, and if you at any time ask me to suggest the best place for a holiday, you know what the answer will be.

Melancholy Quack for

O.S. William Asquith

JOEY is a lady. Yes, you read right, and, what's more, Joey is a lady with webbed feet, a haughty look, and a profound respect for photographers.

She used to follow Ordinary Seaman William Asquith everywhere he went, and became a lovable little character known to everyone within a radius of several miles of 62 Westbourne Crescent, Westfields, Pontefract, Yorks.

As you've probably guessed by looking at the picture, Joey is a duck. A waddling, quacking animal, with a superior gaze, every bit as endearing as the famous Donald.

Every egg laid by Joey is carefully kept by Mrs. Asquith, in case Bill should suddenly come on leave, because the first thing he asks is, "Has that duck laid anything for me?" If the number reaches three, and Bill hasn't put in an appearance, the rest of the family eat them, and then the process starts all over again.

Joey showed the utmost respect when called upon to be photographed, and stayed as still as a statue while the camera clicked. She is laying



very well at the moment, and if only Bill can get a spot of leave there's a royal feast awaiting him.

There's been an addition to the family since you were home, Bill, in the shape of a six-week-old puppy, Rex, the pride and joy of your brother Colin.

All the family, including

Grandma, whom we saw at the bungalow, and the rest of your brothers and sisters, are well. Your mother was looking fine.

They send their fondest love, and hope to see you soon.

P.S.—All we could raise in the way of a message from Joey was a melancholy and prolonged "Quack," which might have meant anything.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

He Went One Better Than Columbus

A TALL, bearded man, wearing a black velvet round cap, a black cloak, and buckskin boots—such was Ferdinand Magellan, the Portuguese navigator, the first man to circumnavigate the world. But his name in geography does not rest alone on that magnificent adventure.

It rests on the fact that he was also the first to find what are now known as the Magellan Straits, a passage about three hundred miles long between the mainland of South America and Tierra del Fuego.

The finding of the passage was in 1520, when his ships were leaky, his men almost mutinous, his provisions low. He did not know that he was finding a passage

THEY SAW IT FIRST No. 5—By C. N. DORAN

He had no map or chart to guide him. He plunged dimly on into the unknown. The ship entered the winding passage to escape the bitter weather and storms of the Atlantic. High on each side great, gaunt cliffs towered, rugged and wearing caps of snow and ice. Men were sick with scurvy. The ship's rigging was worn and frayed. The woodwork was sadly in need of paint. Spars were had widened, the cliffs were needed replacement. At one point, so weak were the crew, that away beyond was the glimmer of a boatful were available to tow the ship onward. The winds which had torn away eyes. But he knew that he had



An old and graphic map of Mactan Island, where Magellan died.

sails had died down in that narrow funnel.

High above the precipices the seamen could see the sky torn with rain and wind and snow storms. Only a waft of the gales came down to them; and then calms fell.

The passage could easily have proved a death trap. Hidden there they could have kept safe; but they would have starved and died from hunger and cold.

They did not know what the end would be. Magellan made calculation after calculation, he tried his best to encourage the crew.

Something within him, he could not define what, told him not to retreat; to go on and on.

After he had sailed, or crawled, two hundred miles through that lane of water, he was aware that he could not turn back. It was death to do that. And was it death to continue?

Slowly, slowly, his ship pushed its way onward. Murmurings arose. But Magellan always answered in the same way.

Then the belief came to him that if this was sea water it must go towards the sea. But what sea?

One day, as he was lying in his cabin he heard his men shouting. He went on deck. The passage had widened, the cliffs were vanishing on both sides—and that away beyond was the glimmer of an ocean with a boundless horizon. He could hardly believe his eyes. But he knew that he had

done what no other man in the world had up to that time accomplished.

He had pierced right through the continent and had linked the two oceans which had up till then been regarded as far apart.

And that is why they call it Magellan Strait to-day.

But Magellan did more than discover the Straits. His expedition entered the "Great South Sea," first sighted by Bilboa, and for 98 days they sailed this expanse until they came to islands. He named these islands the Ladrões, because of the thievish habits of the natives.

By this time the provisions of the crews were exhausted. They had been forced to eat ox hides, sawdust and rats. By April, 1521, the explorer had arrived at Cebu, in the Philippines. Here Magellan became friendly with a treacherous chief, who professed Christianity.

And that was his undoing, for when he entered into a pact with this chief to conquer the neighbouring island of Mactan (for the chief and Christianity), Magellan was killed in a fight with the islanders. And that was the lonely end of the man who did what Columbus had planned—to link Europe with East Asia across the Western Ocean.

QUIZ for today

1. A Sablerex is a fur coat, kind of rabbit, artist's brush, braid for cuffs, tall jug?
2. To what Dominion does Labrador belong?
3. How many sides has a crystal of snow?
4. Where is the longest railway bridge in the world?

5. How many Public Schools (for boys) are there in Great Britain?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—MacEoin, McGilligan, McGregor, McMenamin, Maguire, McEntee, Mahony.

Answers to Quiz in No. 606

1. American dinner jacket.
2. William Morris.
3. Oak.
4. Countess.
5. Mahl-stick.
6. B.B.C. is not a Government department; others are.

I get around

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



VISITED old friend recently, whose study is papered with "million mark notes" which he picked up at a penny a packet when they became useless in Germany after the last war.

Which reminded me that the late Edgar Wallace during his impecunious days used to paste county court summonses on the wall of his writing den.

He always grumbled if one arrived which did not tone in colour with those he already had.

Walls have always had a strange sort of fascination for famous people.

One recalls that William Hazlitt used the walls of his bedroom as a sort of writer's notebook. He had them whitewashed from ceiling to floor, and wrote all over them half-lines of poetry, favourite quotations, ideas, etc.

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THE American author Charles Dudley Warner had all the walls in his house covered with common brown wrapping paper, thinking that it made the best background for pictures.

Cecil Rhodes loved maps, and had all the rooms in his house hung with them. He said they inspired him to dream and plan.

John Dennis, 18th century English author, had the walls of his room hung with fine old tapestries and then hacked out many of the faces because their ferocious expressions gave him the jitters.

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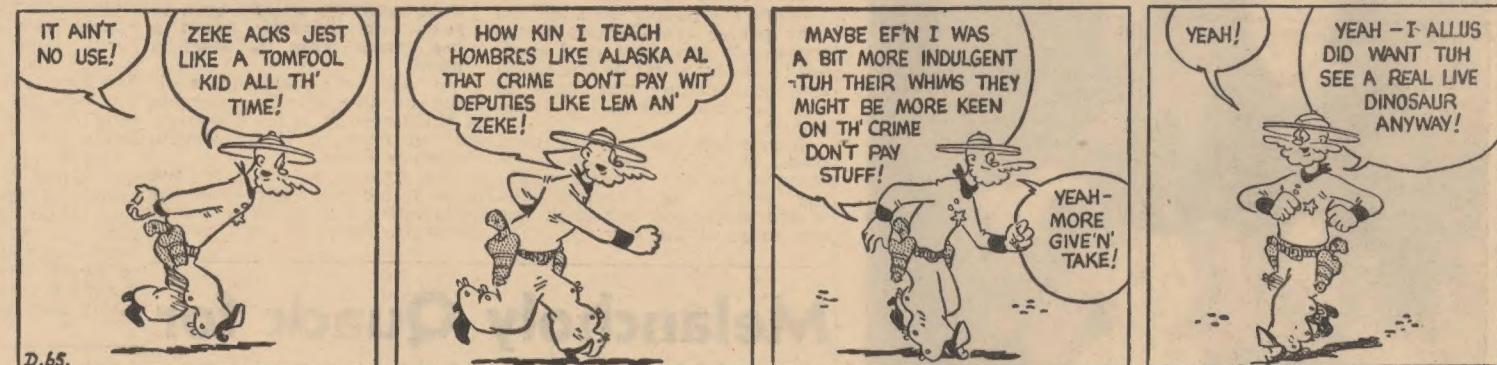
ACTOR Lionel Barrymore is proud of his penetrating voice.

At a theatrical dinner party recently he rose to make a speech. The microphone was put in front of him.

Barrymore looked at it in disgust. Then he said, "For the love of mike, take away that inverted spittoon."

"Love of mike" was good!

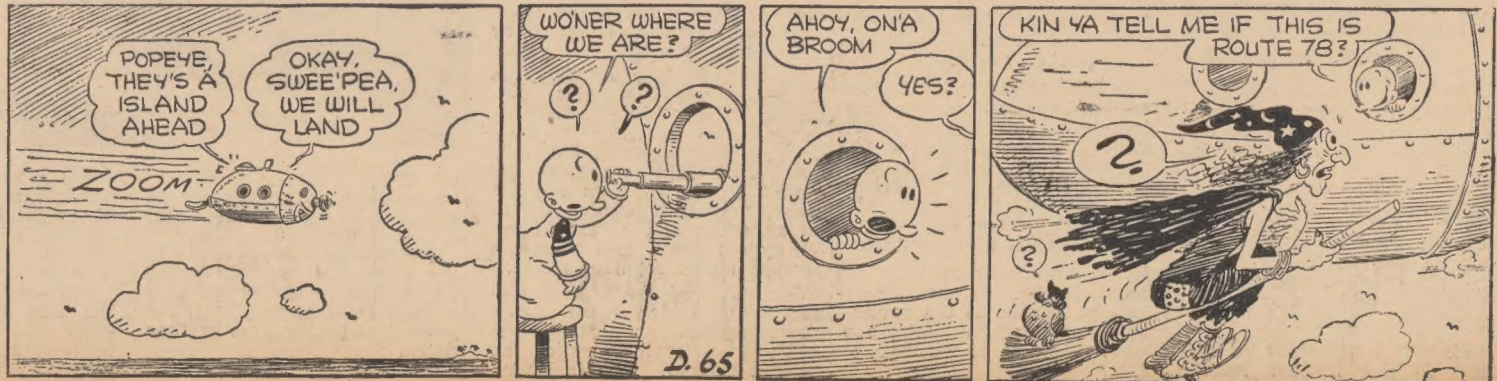
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING HOW'S TRICKS

By Sidney De Hempsey

WORDS—546

1. Behead at that time and get the bird.
2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it?—A sore north hutowit on.
3. What Scottish island has L for the exact middle of its name?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: He led them along the —, — cart and all.

Answers to Wangling

Words—No. 545

1. M-utter.
2. Little wealth, little care.
3. Bare-bear.
4. LewiSham.

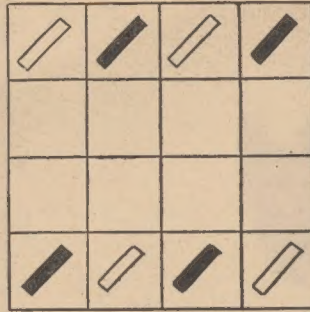
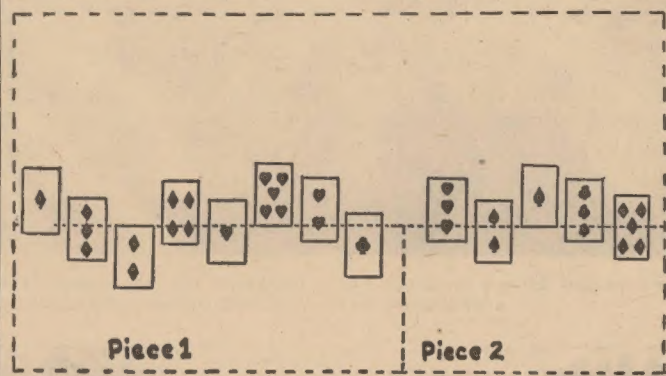
JANE



LET'S start off with a puzzle together again, when 13 cards will be seen. Reverse pieces 1 paper you had better stick it and 2, and only 12 cards will be on a piece of cardboard (don't forget to warm the paper before sticking it). Now follow the instructions, and I feel sure that you will have a few minutes' fun.

THE BLACK AND WHITE MATCH GAME.

THIS is a very amusing little game which can be played almost anywhere. You require 8 matches. Four of these are blackened with ink. This game is for two players.



First, arrange matches as in Fig. 1; the board can be merely chalked out on the table or floor.

The idea is to move the matches in turn, one at a time, in any direction, but only one square at a time. There must be no jumping over the other player's match. The winner is the first one who manages to get his four matches horizontal, diagonal or perpendicular, but they must be in a straight line.

SHOW TRICKS EXPLAINED.

I TRUST that the following will interest readers. Many a time you have seen the performer walk on the stage and shoot the ash off a cigar while being smoked by his assistant. Don't believe everything that you see.

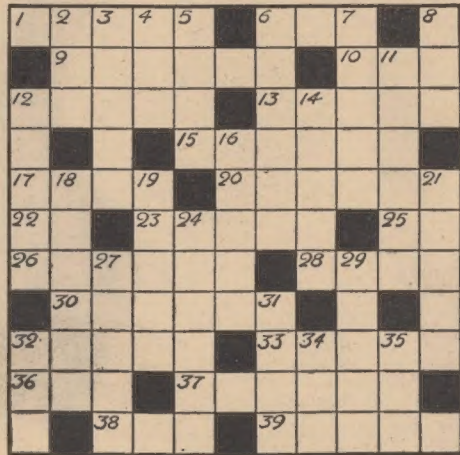
A small hat-pin is run through the cigar, the point just reaching the ash. The assistant just pushes the knob of the pin with his tongue and down falls the ash. Blank cartridges are used.

Breaking two glass balls with two pistols is simple. Only one pistol is loaded, and that with washes off the whitewash with shot; the other pistol is loaded with a blank. The loaded pistol is fired between the two glass balls and the shots scatter, thus breaking the glass balls.

Extinguishing lighted candles with a pistol. Candles are placed against a target. Behind, concealed, is an assistant, and he simply blows through a small hole at the flame as the pistol is fired. Blanks are again used.

Painting a complete picture in a few seconds is also very effective from the front. What looks like an untouched canvas is in reality a finished picture covered with whitewash. All the performer does is to simulate painting while he merely washes off the whitewash with his brush with water.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Potato.
- 6 Doctrine.
- 9 Ape.
- 10 And so on.
- 12 Started.
- 13 Frolic.
- 15 Item.
- 17 Scrape.
- 20 Dented.
- 22 That is.
- 23 Active.
- 25 Act.
- 26 Of milk.
- 28 Rabbit's tail.
- 30 Angry.
- 32 On the way.
- 33 Roof edge.
- 36 Insect.
- 37 Sombre.
- 38 Lengthen.
- 39 Splendid.

CLUES DOWN.

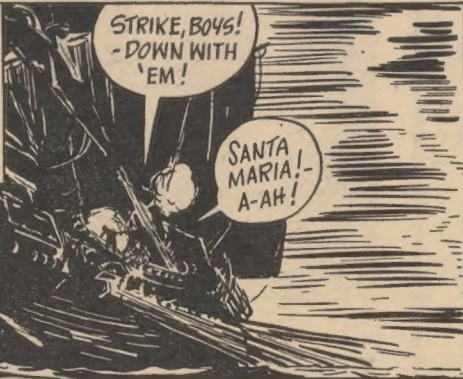
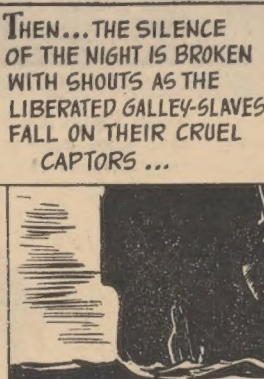
- 2 Exercise.
- 3 Coast recess.
- 4 Bird.
- 5 Peel.
- 6 Put gradually.
- 7 Goodness.
- 8 Form of water.
- 11 Java badger.
- 12 Cook.
- 14 Piece of glass.
- 16 Order.
- 18 Motive.
- 19 Glossy fabric.
- 21 Is overfond.
- 24 Belt.
- 27 Sloping channel.
- 29 Brood of partridges.
- 31 Space of time.
- 32 Tree.
- 34 Bother.
- 35 Girl's name.

FRACAS SPRY
OIL GOATEE
INDEED RAFT
SKEP ALE EH
T RIB AWARE
TOUR Y O
8 TOW CLEAR
REAM WHO BE
APPEAR FROM
TIE PELTED
SCREEN SPED

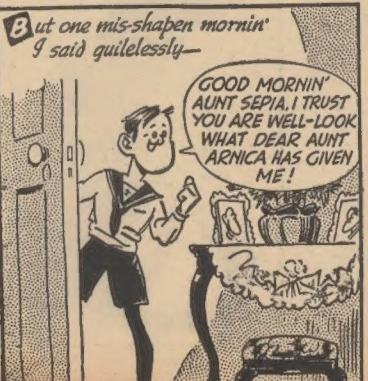
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



TRUE OR FALSE

Man is Living Longer ?

IT is often asserted that the advances of medical science, improved hygiene, and so on, have greatly increased the length of Man's span of life. It is not true.

What is true is that more men are living long, but there is no evidence that the span of life has been increased, nor, indeed, that it is likely to be.

According to a Russian scientist who made long investigations, Man's span ought to be 150 years, but until we could stop him "beginning to die" at 20 there was no way of his reaching this ripe old age.

What medical science and other improvements have brought is a great increase in the number of people surviving to the sixties and seventies. Ninety years ago the "average Londoner" could not expect to live beyond 34 years 7 months. To-day he lives for about 56 years.

But a very great deal of this "longer life" has come through a great reduction in the infant mortality. It was the shocking number of deaths under five that made the "average age" so low in early Victorian days.

Of course, in addition a great number of people are saved from injuries and diseases which would have been fatal fifty years ago, and they reach "old age."

But the "expectation of life" of a middle-aged man has increased surprisingly little.

The man who reached middle age in Victorian times could expect to live nearly as long as his grandson of same age to-day.

We have seen various ingenious "rejuvenation" schemes, but they have not seriously claimed to prolong life, simply to prolong full vigour and alertness.

It is true that people to-day have a healthier and more vigorous old age. There are hundreds of thousands of over-seventies working. Better food, housing conditions and comforts might explain this.

The statement that "pensioners are long-lived" is fairly true, in fact—and for a good psychological reason. Wanting to live long is one of the essentials of living long.

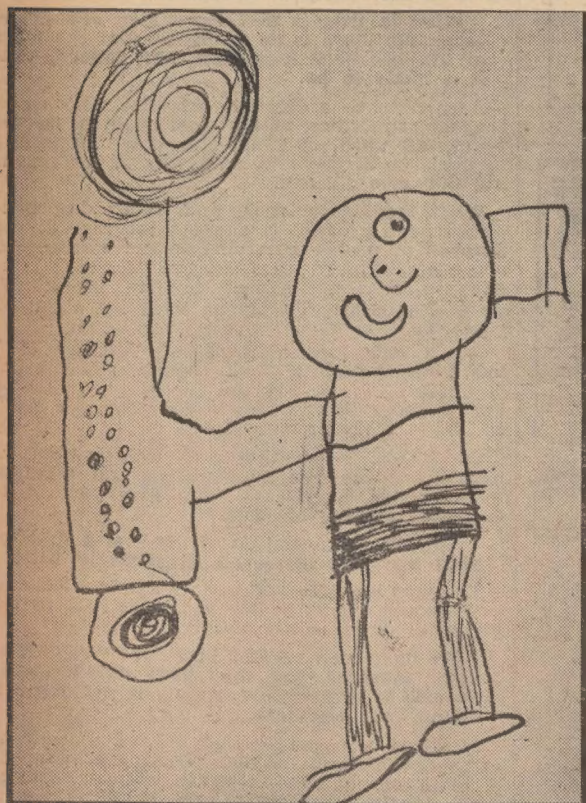
J. M. Michaelson

Good Morning

"East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet"—but either Anne Shirley has forgotten her Kipling or Alf Woods has forgotten his geography! (See below).



MODEL HITS BACK! YOUTHFUL ARTIST CONNECTS WITH "FUSE" WILSON'S CHIN.



This is what four-year-old Margaret, daughter of Ck. Sid Telling, thought of "Good Morning" cameraman, "Fuse" Wilson when he went round to take her picture. "Say, Margaret, so you think he's one-eyed, eh! As for us, we just think he's cock-eyed."

FOOTLOOSE CAMERAMAN GOES A BUNDLE!

We are assured this is a picture of a Thakur girl wife. We are further assured that the Thakurs live in the Eastern Shots. Also, that they are a backward forest tribe—but if this is a backward girl wife, she's not wasted her time—much.



The proud Mums undress their offspring for the doctor's examination—a typical scene in a Welfare Clinic. "Sweet music—and a penny on the tum!"



THIS ENGLAND.—Town of Shakespeare Festivals—and Colonel Blimps in bath-chairs; Georgian houses and impoverished gentlewomen running tea-rooms. Town where they discuss the weather more than any other town in Britain — Malvern on the map!

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"He'll be quoting the 'Barrack Room Ballads' next."

